THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.] *Saturday, March 4....1809.* [NO. 19.

MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

(Continued.)

SEMPRONIUS exercises his only talent: he fumes and storms, and stalks about the room, and curses, and swears, and calls Heaven and Hell to witness: while the good lady sister, having completed her benevolent work, sits by the window and looks into the street, quite unconcerned, and as if she had nothing at all to do with the business.

So much the better—now that her venomous tongue is at rest, the storm begins to slacken. Sempronius walks backwards and forwards in silence for some minutes. Now he stands still, and leans against the wall, with his fore-finger extended upon his cheek, as if buried in profound thought—he has come to a decision; he advances towards his son, and, Heaven be thanked! then paternal affection still lives in his bosom, for of his own accord he offers his hand to Edward. Edward springs forward eagerly to grasp it. But hold! Sempronius draws it back, and the fore-finger of it repeatedly moving upwards and downwards, assures me, that he is laying down the conditions upon which Edward may be restored again to favour.

Edward starts back; he stands motionless; his eye burns; he seems to struggle against his feelings: if Sempronius were not his father, I should expect to see the youth turn his back upon him with contempt. In short, he looks to me exactly, as if the terms of peace just proposed, had been—"an absolute renunciation of the maiden in question, and for ever!" I am certainly right; for at length Edward has recovered the power of speech. He places one hand upon his heart; he raises the other to Heaven with an air of the most determined resolution; and with every word which he utters, his courage and his enthusiasm appear to increase. But he is not suffered to speak long. The tempest again rages; Sempronius interrupts his son with a fresh burst of thunder; and now that the fire is rekindled, the rattle-snake in petticoats takes care to throw in a word or two, as she looks over her shoulder towards the disputants,

and kindly prevents the flame from being extinguished a second time.

The Lord be praised! this embarrassing scene at length is concluded. Sempronius's passion on a sudden gives place to the most frozen composure; he spreads his arms out widely, and with a shrug of the shoulders, and a slight inclination of the head, he pronounces a single decisive sentence, and quits the room. Edward turns pale; he looks as if he could scarcely credit his hearing, and remains like one thunderstruck. Can you possibly guess, my dear uncle, what it was, that Sempronius said at parting, and which produced so strong an effect? For my own part, I am completely puzzled.

The aunt, however, does not think proper to make her retreat at present. No; she is preparing to give her nephew a long lecture; for she turns her chair round, clears her throat in her pocket-handkerchief, smooths her petticoats, and takes a pinch of snuff. Now then she begins.

She might spare her breath, for Edward does not hear a syllable: he seems totally absorbed in his own gloomy reflexions. The virgin might have talked on till dooms-day uninterrupted by him, if she had not unadvisedly taken it into her head, to pick up the fragments of one of the letters, which accident had thrown at her feet; and now as proof of the facts advanced in her discourse, she proceeds to read the letter aloud with a sneering look, and theatrical action. The well known words give Edward the alarm—he awakens from his lethargy. This unwarrantable intrusion into the secrets of his heart, this scornful treatment both of his mistress and himself, at once restores his presence of mind. He springs forward, snatches the paper from her hands, and throwing his arms around her, bears her swiftly [but without roughness] to the landing-place. She evidently resists; her open mouth assures me, that she protests loudly against this involuntary exit: but she is already on the wrong side of the threshold. Edward closes and bolts the door, and my eyes behold no longer this model of feminine perfection.

My grief for this loss, however, is but of short duration—she bounces into her brother's study, and renews her attacks upon him with increased zeal. Sempronius has seated himself at his writing-desk—he has written two notes, and in one of them (which was very short) he now incloses a parcel of bank-bills: he rings the bell, and sends the old grey-headed servant out with the other. The aunt continues talking without repose, but she gets no answer. Sempronius walks up and down the room, silent and gloomy, and without attending to her—he seems impatient for the messenger's return.

The domestic is come back—he

receives the other note with its inclosure, and retires a second time—but in a minute after I see Edward undraw the bolt of his door, and the servant enters. Probably, the good old man guesses the contents of the note, for while he delivers it, he turns away his head, and the back of his hand passing over his eyes rapidly, appears to be wiping away tears.

The unfortunate lover receives the note with a firm countenance; but his resolution only lasts till he has perused the contents—the letter falls from his trembling hand; his arms drop powerless by his side; he rests his head against the frame of the window: he seems totally absorbed in the bitterness of his sensations.

The old domestic opens a closet door, and draws forth a moderate sized trunk; undesired, he proceeds to pack up the contents of a wardrobe, and of a chest of drawers. Alas! alas! poor Edward! now then I know the decision of your unyielding father! The punishment pronounced upon you for possessing a feeling heart, eyes for beauty, and sympathy for worth, is nothing less than banishment from your paternal mansion.

The trunk is packed and corded, and now with a countenance expressive of the deepest melancholy, the old man offers Edward the key. Edward sees him not, hears him not, heeds him not, till he feels his right hand moistened with tears—he starts from his lethargy, he looks down, the venerable servant kneels at his feet; he has clasped the hand of his young master in both of his, and presses his lips upon it—Edward compels him to rise, and shakes the old man by the hand heartily and kindly—he takes the parcel of notes from the floor, and selecting one, gives it to his old attendant—but the servant looks at it with a melancholy smile, shakes his head, lays it upon the writing desk, and hiding his face with both his hands, he quits the apartment.

Edward now proceeds to examine his papers. Some of them are fastened together again with the afore-mentioned blue ribband, and deposited in his bosom—with the rest he fills his pockets, indiscriminately; the bank notes are placed in a small red morocco case, and confided to his waistcoat—the spaniel frisks around the table, and every now and then I hear him bark joyously; probably, he is aware, that his master prepares to go out, and for *his* part, he is quite ready to be of the party. But his gaiety makes a singular contrast with his master's melancholy.

Hark!—a post-chaise comes rattling up the street! It stops before Sempronius's house; the door is already open: the postillion dismounts; he and the old servant are now in Edward's room, and carry out the trunk between them! What, then, my poor friend Ed-

ward! am I *quite* to lose you? Will your severe father not even suffer you to breathe the same air with him? Now by my soul, my heart bleeds for you!

The trunk is tied on—the postillion is on his horse—the chaise step is let down—the old servant appears again in Edward's room—Edward starts up, and follows him, evidently making a violent effort to tear himself away; but when he reaches the door, he stops, and turns to take a melancholy farewell-look of that chamber, which perhaps he has inhabited even from his earliest years.....where he has past so many happy, and so many bitter hours.....where he has so often smiled, and so often wept .....which he now quits, and probably for ever! He draws his hat down over his eyes, and as he passes the threshold, I can see his knees tremble! Alas! poor youth, with a broken heart do you quit your father's dwelling; it seems, that even to say farewell to your stern judge, is forbidden you! Oh! suffer with patience; suffer with firmness; preserve your good heart pure from every too bitter reflexion upon him, who, harsh as he is, is still your parent. *He* has ceased to act as a father, but never forget that *you* are a son.

I am too much grieved by Edward's departure, to attend with any patience to the amiable pair in the study below; they may do what they please, for I will not honor them at present with my attention. Therefore, my dear uncle, you may lay down your pen for to-day; into the bargain, in half an hour more, it will be too dark for me to—

Sit down again! sit down again, my dear uncle!—Edward is not yet gone! At this moment he stands before his mother's picture, which (as I told you formerly) hangs over the sofa in Cordelia's sitting-room—his eyes are rooted upon those beloved features—"Ah! mother!" methinks I hear him say, "it is well for you that you sleep in the grave! It is well that you are not here to see your only son banished from the house and heart of his father, and to kiss away these tears, which you would surely mingle with your own! Perhaps, were you still alive, all this would not happen; perhaps you would fold your arms round the son, who to-day is thrown out upon the wide world without shelter, and then when my father heard the prayers of an agonized mother, pleading for her only child—Oh! were you but alive, my mother! were not your place now filled by a stranger.....!"

No! no! these last sentences Edward did not say—I wrong his justice; he is not so ungrateful for all Cordelia's kindness, for see!—he fastens the silver-embroidered ribband round an alabaster vase, which stands on Cordelia's chimney-piece; doubtless he wishes to

convince his step-mother, that he thought of her at parting, and has bequeathed her this precious gift of love, as a silent memorial of his undiminished friendship—Oh, she will certainly find your legacy, poor Edward, and her own feeling heart will interpret to her the intentions and the sentiments of yours—she will often think of you while absent, will labour incessantly to effect your return; and while *Cordelia* remains there, you will not be *quite* forgotten within the dwelling of your father.

Again he turns to his mother's picture—near it hangs a small sketch of it in Indian ink, the production of Willy's all-imitating pencil; it is drawn upon a sheet of letter-paper, and fastened against the wall with a pin, thus (with the true vanity of a youthful artist,) boldly challenging a comparison with the original—there are a thousand defects in the drawing; but even from hence I can see, that he has succeeded in catching the resemblance. Edward eagerly takes the paper from its place, and then having pressed his lips with pious enthusiasm upon the frame of the picture, he hastens from the apartment as abruptly, as if he dreaded lest his father should appear, and deprive him of his newly-found treasure.

Edward is in the chaise—the post-boy flourishes his whip—Edward is gone!

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

By turning to some of the latter numbers of your paper, you will observe a promise given by a writer, under the signature of ARATUS, to address a course of essays to your Miscellany: this, through the pressure of unavoidable circumstances, has been thus long delayed. Having leisure at present to pursue the subject, I now send you my first number. A desire of co-operating with you, to form and instruct the female mind, being the true origin of the ensuing observations, I cannot but expect their appearance in the Miscellany.

I am, sir,
with respect,
Your old correspondent,
ARATUS.

THE FEMALE MONITOR.

No. 1.

THE morals of the female part of Community have been long considered as a sure criterion of the greatness, and virtue, or the corruption and depravity of a nation; the remark is correct, clear, and easily demonstrable; surely then, too great care cannot be taken to cherish the bud of female innocence, and to use every endeavour in exciting that emulation to excel in the attainment of those principles of science, which, whilst they point out a true system of morality, exalt the human soul, and assimilate us in some degree to the great author of our existence; for in the proper pursuit of science, in the cultivation of intellectual greatness, it is impossible to loose sight

of the purposes of our creation, it informs us that we are rational beings, intended for progressive improvement; this consideration conducts the mind in the paths of virtue, which eventually terminate in happiness; it therefore becomes a primary object, worthy of serious attention; let us devote a few leisure hours to reflect upon it. Men appear too generally to have imbibed the idea, that women are but passive instruments, created for the pleasure, and convenience, of their arbitrary lords. It is surely unnecessary to advance an argument to prove this idea erroneous, for to the rational and reflecting part of Community, (and to such only do I address myself) good sense will suggest a very different opinion. To avoid subtlety, and unprofitable investigation, I will wave a supposition that the two sexes have been created equal in energy of talent, boldness, and vivacity of intellect, warmth of imagination, and strength of judgment, but will consider them as occupying different stations in society, for which their capacities are adapted. I shall however insist upon this point, that they are both important to each others' delight, and welfare. When the Almighty created our first parents, he gave them the same indulgencies, placed before them the same test of obedience, and throughout manifestly appears to have intended them as beings mutually dependent, their very existence as it were, interwoven together, each constituting the other's happiness. It must readily be confessed, that in an enlightened society, female beauty, and innocence, form the true sources of refined and rational pleasure, and thither, as to an altar consecrated to Instruction and Delight, men throng, bow, worship, and adore. The mild, amenable, manners of a woman, nurtured in the lap of virtuous acquirement, and receiving those advantages which a station of independent competency may afford, diffuse around her happiness and pleasure; her presence is never regretted among the wise and good; her conduct is always discreet; prudence marks all her actions; Discretion and Wisdom seal her lips with the finger of Silence; she is never desirous of obtruding her observations; but where her advice is asked, she gives it willingly, and with affectionate regard. In a country like ours, where the Sciences flourish, and where the lovers of polite eruditiou boast, that Learning, driven from the old world by luxury or ambition, and crossing the wide Atlantic, may find a refuge, it would indeed be disgraceful, were we to suffer our females to grow up in ignorance, and advance in years, only to increase in folly. Let it not be said that the American fair are unequal in natural talents to those of Europe. We are yet a young nation, uncorrupted by the vices of luxury and effeminacy, possessing every advantage for the cultivation of intellectual powers, and if

Columbia shall never boast rivals to a Dacier, and a Montague, it will but be a proof of defective education. It is certainly to be regretted that an inattention to intellectual improvement is becoming extremely prevalent in this country; it is no uncommon spectacle to behold our fashionable belles, either loitering away their time over a card table, or tired of a continual succession of *Ennui*, snatch up some Novel, which probably has been selected merely because it relates something wonderful and improbable, or was marked by feelings, whose delicacy has no existence but in a distempered imagination, and after reading a few leaves, turning over as many more, tracing with her pencil some fine sentiment, sighing once or twice, and sitting idly meditative, arise and saunter out the remainder of the day, when some spruce gallant attends, and the consenting fair is conducted to an assembly-room, where we will for the present leave them. From a consideration like this, a melancholy idea is suggested to the minds of all lovers of Science; they see, and see with regret, one part of society, whose influence upon the other is extremely great, and who might afford not a little entertainment and instruction, entirely devoted to pleasure, or filling up the whole space of life with one continnal series of indolent ease. From a similar consideration, I was led to assume my pen, and with the sole idea of utility, expose the pernicious tendencies of those habits, whose rapid progress in society has been truly alarming, and which have seriously affected domestic tranquillity and happiness. In the course of the work, should my strictures be considered too severe, I assure the reader that this severity is but the effect of an affectionate solicitude for the *fair* fame of Columbia, whose lovely daughters might furnish not an inconsiderable ornament to raise her reputation among nations, and entitle her to a high station in the historic page. The writer of the following essays having made the preceding desultory remarks, in moments occasionally sequestered from other occupations, would now willingly pursue them, and contribute his mite to amend the defect which he conceives to exist in female education. Should the advice offered be attended with any success, his labours will be richly repaid.

ARATUS.

HAPPINESS.

A Fragment.

****THE scenes of my life have been sad, said a poor Frenchman, who had scrampled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—" The scenes of my life have been sad," re-

peated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past, again struck in his soul—"I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the gallies in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!"—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermillion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around—The balm of peace descended upon his soul—He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret—It was too late to begin life anew; and after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet, and an uninterrupted slumber.—In the morning he arose refreshed. Beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage—Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful. In a short time he discovered that he was happy—The discovery astonished him. He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages.—Under such circumstances that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is *Contentment*.

A whisper can can dispel the slumbers of hatred, and of love.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

COUNT GLEICHEN.

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from the Holy Land had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east; Count Gleichen also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen, went to *Asia*. I shall not describe his great and heroic achievements. I shall content myself with saying, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the infidels, and became the slave to a Mahomedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to the care of the Count. The unfortunate Gleichen was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies, and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs, often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. A modest shame, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathised in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could be no longer concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth, into the soul of the astonished Count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty; all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave father and native land, and fly with him to *Europe*. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country, the Count was her all. She hastens away, brings a key, opens a private door leading to the fields, and flies away with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favours their flight. They arrive safely in the country of the Count. His vassals joyfully greet their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity behold his companion, whose face is concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the Countess rushes into his embraces. "That you, my dear wife, see me again," said he, "you have to

thank her, (pointing to his deliverer) she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The Count covers his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen drops her veil; and throwing herself at the feet of the Countess, exclaims, "I am thy vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the Countess, raising and embracing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The Count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, presses her to his heart; all these are united in one embrace, and they swear to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the Pope himself confirmed it. The Count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were, after their death, laid in one grave, in the church of the Benedictine convent. A large stone covers it, on which the chissel of sensibility has represented them. When beholding this stone, I blessed their memory.

MODERN DESCRIPTION.

The fleecy clouds of the morning were now streaked with nature's richest vermillion, the sun was just lifting his radiant head above the stately trees of the forest, the feathered Handels of nature sung forth their sweetest carols, and the universe had borrowed the robes of May, when Sylvia, more beautiful than Diana, walked out to feed the chickens.

An officer in battle, happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier who stood behind him. "You" see, said he, "that a man never loses by his politeness."

Weweitzer asked a citizen whether he would rather kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast? The citizen honestly replied, that he should prefer the latter. "I never thought you," replied Weweitzer, "a man of the ton before, but I now find that you have more *taste* than feeling."

A quaker, who had been sued at law by a neighbour, and who came off second best at the trial, was determined to be revenged of his adversary. One day he accidentally met him, and accosted him in very civil terms. "Friend, (said he) thee and I have had some little misunderstanding together; but as matters are now adjusted, I hope we shall not always be at variance. Wilt thou not dine with me to-day? I shall be very glad of thy company, to partake of what my table affords." The other readily consented, but before the quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the handle of the poker, almost

red hot, and taking it out, placed it in its proper situation, by the side of the fire. He then ushered in his friend, but before he had been there half a minute, "Friend, (said Aminidab) as thou sitest next the fire, I should be obliged to thee if thou would stir it." The other, not suspecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a most shocking manner. It is impossible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and abused the quaker in a most shocking manner, though not so much as he deserved. The quaker made no other answer than, "Friend, *thou art only burnt in the hand*, and that thou hast deserved these many years."

EPITAPH ON A WATCH-MAKER.

Here lies in a horizontal position,
The outside case of
PETER PENDLUM, WATCH-MAKER,
Whose ability in his line were
an honor to his profession.
Integrity was his Main-spring, and
Prudence the Regulator of all
the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his Hand
never stopped till he had relieved
distress. So nicely Regulated
were all his motions, that
He never went wrong, except
when set a going by people who
did not know
His Key;
Even then, he was easily Set right
again.
He had the art of disposing
his Time so well,
That his Hours glided away in one
continued round of pleasure and
Delight,
Till an unlucky Minute put a period to his existence. He
departed this life,
WOUND UP,
In hopes of being taken in hand
By his Maker,
And of being thoroughly Cleaned, Repaired, and set a going
IN THE WORLD TO COME.

Anecdote of Matthew Prior.

Matthew, when he had left the office he had held under the administration of Lord Oxford, became in the latter part of his life, like many an ex-minister, hypochondrical. His active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so.—When some one asked him whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office, 'Faith,' replied he, 'I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears.'

The poor—who envies not the rich, who pities his companions of poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer—is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

NEW-YORK ROSCIUS.

MASTER PAYNE.—This young candidate for dramatic fame, made his debut in the New Theatre, in this city, on Friday evening, the 24th ult. in the arduous character of YOUNG NORVAL, in the celebrated tragedy of DOUGLASS. I had not the pleasure of witnessing his performance, but am informed that his conception of the part was correct, his gesticulations graceful, and that COOPER, who made his debut in the same character, was very inferior in those talents for the stage, which shone forth on the first appearance of our young "*Thespian Mirror.*" With more experience, a little attention and care, he bids fair, capable men pronounce, to equal the most distinguished tragedians of the day.

As an equivalent for any thing I could say, I present my patrons with the following short but judicious critique

From the American Citizen.

"On Friday evening MASTER PAYNE made his theatrical debut in the character of Young Norval. The house was unusually thronged—The audience were alive with expectation, and we are happy to announce that the highest expectations which had been formed of the young actor were not only equalled but exceeded.

At his first entrance he appeared to be somewhat under the influence of fear; but this soon wore off. His description of the Hermit, especially the latter part of his anxiety to discover the fate of his mother, was very finely expressed; in his interview with Glenalvon, the feelings of wounded honor were nicely delineated, and the whole of his conduct through the fifth act was little short of perfection. Norval expired to bursts of applause, never perhaps more justly merited.

After this general view of Master Payne's performance, let us proceed to examine him in those points in which Theatrical oratory principally consists. His conception of his part was excellent, and his emphasis almost universally correct; his voice is sweet, but not forceful, for it is the voice of sixteen—His gesticulation might be mended; its principal faults are too much motion of the feet and an ungraceful bending of the right arm. These may easily be corrected.

Mrs. Twaits, as Lady Randolph, deserves high commendation—But of the other performers, with the exception of Mr. Huntingdon, we cannot even give them the credit of mediocrity."

MARRIED,

At Red-Hook, on the 19th ult. by the rev. Andrew N. Kittle, William M. Smith, of Sharon, (Conn.) to Miss Helen Maria Livingston.

daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston, Esq. of Red-Hook.

At Manor Livingston house, on Thursday, the 23d ult. Mr. Alexander Crofts, of the house of Mullany and Crofts, merchants, of this city, to Miss Mary Livingston, only daughter of Robert J. Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Ruckel, Mr. John Morrison, druggist, to Miss Hilah Bergh, youngest daughter of Mr. Adam Bergh, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the rev. Dr. Williams, Mr. Charles M'Carthy, to Miss Rachel Taylor, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 23d of Feb. at Hackensack, N. J. Mr. Albert Zabriski, to Miss Helen Van Beuren, daughter of Dr. Beekman Van Beuren, all of that place.

On Tuesday, the 21st ult. at Bellville, New Jersey, by the rev. Mr. Willard, John A. Rucker, Esq. of this city, to Miss Sarah Macomb, of that place.

At Brook-Haven, Long Island, on Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Greene, William Tooker, Esq. to Mrs. Sophia Smith, all of that place.

On Thursday, the 23d ult. by the rev. Mr. Bradford, Mr. Maltby Howell, of Elizabethtown, to Miss Lætitia Young, of Albany.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Lemuel Richardson, to Miss Ann Hoffman, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Henry Denton, to Miss Mary Larke, all of Goshen, Orange County, N. Y.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st ult. at Satauket, L. I. Capt. Charles Jayne, to Miss Sally F. Greene, daughter of the rev. Zach. Greene, all of that place.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. William L. Vandervoort, merchant, to Miss Helen Bruce.

At Stafford, (V.) Mr. Christopher Peas, *to Miss Lorry* Beans, *after a tedious courtship of* one night!

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DIED,

On Monday morning, of a lingering illness, which she sustained with exemplary piety, Miss Charlotte Maggill, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Maggill, of this city.

At Phillipsburgh, Orange County, on Sunday evening, after a short and painful illness, Mrs. Deborah Eliza Phillips, wife of Mr. Henry W. Phillips, of this city.

At Hartford, of the prevailing fever, after an illness of 24 hours, Miss Sarah Suiter, daughter of Mr. John Suiter, aged twenty years.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 36 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

SINCE then, little God of love,
I have felt thy barbed dart,
Yet once more your skill to prove,
Aim one at ELIZA's heart.

Choose the sharpest arrow, choose
From your quiver's, ample store;
Since she has a heart to loose,
Let the culprit steal no more.

At her heart direct your arms,
Shun her eyes, with stud'ous care,
Or the lustre of her charms,
May *thy* little heart ensnare.

Her eyes have darts, sharp as *thine*,
And will rival thee in skill—
Thousands own their pow'r divine—
Where *you* only wound—*they* kill.

Her syren voice charms the heart,
Oft I've wish'd to press her lip,
There exist, and never part,
Ever the rich nectar sip.

Her smiling mouth, sweet and fair,
Breathes a sound of sweetest note,
That pratt'ling tongue—did I dare—
I'd kiss with warmth, from her throat.

Shew no pity to the fair,
Since she laughing, scorns thy dart,
Heed no sighs—nor heed her pray'r—
Wound your victim's boasting heart.

CHEVIOT.

To the Editor.

Sir,

By inserting the accompanying interesting tale, which, from being recited on several occasions by the celebrated Mr. Ogilvie, has excited a greater interest, you will confer a particular favour on many, if not all, of your female readers, and greatly oblige

Your humble servant, and
Well wisher in the diffusion of
pleasant knowledge,
A Subscriber.

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE day had been dreary—the wind from the east;
The cold it was pinching to Man and to beast,
And the clouds seem'd to labour with snow;
When William had drove all the flocks to the farm,
To shelter them well, and to keep them from harm,
For the sky, dark and lowering, threaten'd a storm,
And he thought it would bluster and blow.

And now, said the shepherd, my stock is all sure,
My cow is safe hous'd, and my bleaters secure;
Besides—'tis the last of the week,
And if in my cot I should loiter and stay,
And not see my Mary, ah! what would she say?
(For the fear of a storm never kept me away)
She would think I was chang'd, or was sick.

Right true was his love, and his Mary was true,
And she promis'd to marry him not long ago,
As soon as the winter was gone;
For her father was dead, and her mother was ill,
And she knew not herself how to manage the will,
The sheep bleated round her, she could not but feel,
'Twas comfortless living alone.

He whistled up Tinker, and threw round his plaid,
Nor fear'd the dark night, which he sought the dear maid,
For oft had he trod the same road;
The snow, how it drifted, and loud blew the wind,
But what was the storm, to a lover so kind,
Or the depth of the snow, were he able to find,
Sweet Mary, thy cheering abode.

He trudg'd along, thinking no ill would betide;
His poor faithful Tinker, kept close by his side,
For they'd no great distance to roam;
Through the waste, and the woodlands, and turning the stile,
Why, the whole of the journey is scarcely a mile—
Let me see but my Mary—one kiss, and a smile,
And then I'll return to my home.

Come Tinker, come near me, for fear you should stay,
The snow it grows deeper, more trackless the way,
And I wish not to leave you behind;
If Tinker should tarry, my Mary would sigh,
She calls you "poor fellow," and wipes her bright eye,
And pats on your head, when she bids you good bye,
Her heart is so tender and kind.

More fierce grew the storm, and more high the wind blew,
And the church on the hill was obscur'd from the view,
And darker than pitch grew the night;
Benumb'd with the cold, he was thinking he'd stay,
And chat with his true love until it was day,
When the evening wind led him a little astray,
And he slipp'd, and he sunk out of sight.

Poor Mary, she watch'd the approach of the storm,
And fear'd that her lover would come to some harm,
Sat list'ning to every noise;
The wind and snow driving, were all that she heard;
She wish'd that he'd come—yet his coming she fear'd,
When Tinker, poor Tinker, her fond bosom cheer'd,
By the sound of his known welcome voice.

E'er she open'd the door she expected his knock,
She expected his kiss—but how great was the shock,
To find that no William was there!
With dread apprehension, poor Mary turn'd pale;
But when faithful Tinker had howl'd out his tale,
He pull'd by her gown, and in spite of the gale,
She follow'd in woe and despair.

Not very far off, at the foot of the hill,
And down a steep rock, near the race of the mill,
The corpse of her lover now lay:

The hollow wind howl'd through the trees on the brow,
The limbs were encumber'd with volumes of snow,
The frost it was keen, but she felt it not now,
And Tinker he led her the way.

When breathless with fear she arriv'd at the place,
She gave one sad look at her lover's pale face,
Forever, alas! he was gone:
With a piteous shriek, she sunk down and died—
Their bodies next morning, a neighbour espied,
And poor faithful Tinker lay close by their side,
As dead, and as cold as a stone.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

CHARACTER OF MISS M. L——.

Born to soothe distress, and lighten care,
Lively as soft, and innocent as fair;
Blest with that sweet simplicity of tho't,
So rarely found, and never to be taught;
Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind:
Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest,
With all her native heav'n within her breast,
Maria, so pure, so good, she knows not sin,
But thinks the world without like that within;
Such melting tenderness—so fond to bless—
Her charity almost becomes excess;
But Goodness only can affection move,
And love must own its origin to love.

A SUBSCRIBER.

IMPROMPTU.

On seeing a beautiful and accomplished Lad, take from her bosom a contribution, for a Charitable purpose.

If works of charity are mark'd above,
Thine will be register'd an *act of grace*,
A faithful emblem of celestial love,
Sweetly imparted, from so fair a place.
And sure *its residence* the gift has blest,
Bestow'd by Beauty's hand from Pity's breast.

:::::::::::::::

Provided always, and Nevertheless.

When is it best, said *John* to *Joan*,
At *night*, at *morning*, or at *noon*?
Why, faith! quoth *Joan*, to tell thee right,
'Tis welcome *morning*, *noon*, and *night*.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscribers at *one dollar* a volume, *to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume*. Persons residing out of this city, *to pay in advance*.

Postage of letters to the Editor must be paid, or their contents will not be attended to.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK.